

A HAUNTED WHEEL.

"Yes, sir, that bicycle's haunted, and that's all there is to it. I don't know a thing about spirits and things like that, but if you ever catch me riding that wheel after midnight I won't know it."

Thus did George Springwell vehemently declare that the supernatural had taken hold of his bicycle. The tale that Springwell tells is certainly a queer one, and one that is apparently vouched for by a number of his friends. They declare that any one riding the wheel after 12:30 o'clock on any night will wish he wasn't. The sensations experienced by such a rider are described as startling in the extreme and accompanied by manifestations that are of the hair-raising variety.

Springwell lives in a modest little house on Lombard street and is a clerk in one of the large dry goods houses. He went to Buffalo last July from New York and just before he left the metropolis he bought a secondhand bicycle from a reputable dealer. This he took to Buffalo and has ridden it steadily to and from his place of business. He is not what would be called a bicycle crank, using the machine merely as a means of locomotion between his house and the store.

It was only a few weeks ago that he was aware of the supernatural qualities of the wheel, and this he discovered in a startling manner. He was accustomed to leave the wheel in a small room in the rear of the kitchen every night. One day he bought a cyclometer, and with the aid of the instrument he found that the wheel was haunted.

He took careful note of the miles registered on the little machine and soon began to see that there were small discrepancies, periods of exactly three miles, for which he could not account. Every night as he looked at the cyclometer he took careful note of the amount registered, and every morning it was just three miles more. This bothered him considerably, but he dismissed everything with the thought that the instrument was defective in some way or other.

But a few weeks ago he rode out into the country for the first time in the evening. He took a trip to the falls, spent the evening there and wheeled home in company with a friend. He reached Tonawanda about 11 o'clock and waited there till midnight. Then he slowly pedaled over the brick boulevard toward home. He was somewhat tired, and his friend, a man named Zeiler, being more of a wheelman, was about a sixteenth of a mile ahead. Just as Springwell reached the clump of trees on this side of Kenmore he began to experience what, if his story is true, is something distinctly marvelous.

He declares that as he was riding along moderately he struck a chill blast of air. This was on an August night and he could not account for the extreme cold. Then something began to work in his throat. Before he was aware he was a prey to a most horrible and vague fear—horrible because of its vagueness. Something terrible, he felt, was about to happen. He glanced from right to left. Nothing could be seen or heard. He thought he would call to his friend ahead, but felt powerless.

Then, as he was riding, a powerful something seemed to suddenly wrap itself about him. He could feel cold hands suddenly seize his hands as they guided the machine, and he could not release them from the iron grip. He knew that he was in the power of some supernatural monster and that the machine had passed from his control. He wavered from side to side. The wheel described curious curves and he thought for a minute he was going to be thrown to the ground. All this time he did not have any control of the wheel. He tugged with all his force at the handle bars, but this did not deviate the wheel from its path a single inch.

Terrified beyond description, he could not shout. He felt a sickening sensation sweep through him. He felt that something immeasurably monstrous had complete control of every action. Of a sudden the pedals began to revolve with a rapidity that he declares was nothing short of marvelous. He flew up the stretch that intervened between him and his friend with inconceivable rapidity, some unknown power having its ghostly feet on the pedals. On he flew. His friend was passed as though he were standing still. He tried to cry out as he passed him, but could not.

On into the gloom beyond till the city line was reached, then on again over the asphalt. The long stretch of smooth pavement flew from under him. He jumped car tracks, hardly feeling them as he passed. Under the white glare of the electric lights he passed with his demon companion. He could feel that the ghostly rider behind him was panting under the exertion. He could feel a clammy breath on the back of his neck that sent terrible shivers through his whole body.

Springwell declares with an expression that is indubitable evidence of his honesty that he will never forget this awful ride till the last moment of his life. The sensation accompanying this mad flight, he says, is the power to describe. There was not only the horrible thought

that he was in the power of the supernatural, but other emotions that he says no language can ever portray were concomitant. His very soul was swayed by their intensity and seemed to be in a shadow of something inexpressibly terror-some and ghoulish.

On he flew, and he could make out a shadowy something dancing before him, something vague of outline and white in color. It danced now here, now there, and he felt rather than saw that it was mocking him. On in the leadership of this phantom he flew. He crossed the Belt line tracks with a bound, then felt he was slowing up. But still he kept on until the curve that Delaware avenue takes before it reaches the culvert where the Park road passes over it. Ahead he could see the white shimmer of an electric light illuminating its dazzling circle beneath it. He felt the icy hands that had never relaxed their pressure from the moment he had first felt them loosen a bit of their grip.

He was regaining control. But the machine seemed to be dragging something behind it. He felt he could now turn and see the ghostly monster behind him. He craned his head a bit, and at that moment he felt a terrible blow over the head. Stunned, he dropped from his wheel and lay on the pavement. He describes the half glimpse of the thing behind him as something too inexpressibly monstrous to attempt to portray.

He lay on the pavement for some five minutes, when Zeiler came up. He was riding like mad. Zeiler stopped when he saw his friend and helped him to his feet. When Springwell told his story at first Zeiler thought he was joking, but he was finally convinced from the look of abject terror in Springwell's face. They revisited the place next day, Springwell unstrung and hardly able to wheel. From the spot where he first felt the power of the something to where he was hit is exactly three miles and a few rods over.

Springwell wrote to the man from whom he bought the wheel, and he received an answer that is certainly queer. The dealer said that a man brought the wheel in in good shape and asked a very small price for it, and that he, the dealer, thinking it was stolen, would not buy it. The man swore it had not been stolen and offered to let it remain there until he was satisfied. He had kept it through the winter and never a sign of any claimant; hence he had sold it.

Springwell is at a loss to account for the strange occurrence. He is utterly unable to say what could have been the cause, save on the hypothesis that some man was murdered while on it and that it has thus become haunted. However that may be, the fact remains that the cyclometer registers of its own accord a little over three miles every night.

Silver Dollars.

A government secret service man, whose business is with counterfeiting, spoils the story that half the silver dollars are made outside the government mints and, being of the same weight and fineness of legitimate coin, cannot be detected, the silver in a dollar costing but 50 cents, making a nice margin for the maker of the queer coins. The detective calls attention to the fact that government dollars, being stamped cold from silver in sheets, have clean cut lines, while molded coin have not and are detected at once. For counterfeiters to operate a plant as expensive or as noisy as is necessary to stamp out dollars is impossible.

Willing to Humor Her.

Doctor—You say you always burn this lamp in your room all night?

Woman—Always. I can't sleep without a lamp.

Doctor—My dear madam, I can give you a few simple chemicals which you can easily mix before retiring. They will give off just as much blood poisoning and sleep inducing gas as a lamp and won't be half as much trouble.

Cancer Cured by Blood Balm.

ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES ALSO CURED

Mrs. M. L. Adams, Fredonia, Ala., took Botanic Blood Balm, which effectually cured an eating cancer of the nose and face. The sores healed up perfectly. Many doctors had given up her case as hopeless. Hundreds of cases of cancer, eating sores, suppurating swellings, etc., have been cured by Blood Balm. Among other Mrs. B. M. Guernsey, Warrior Stand, Ala. Her nose and lip were raw as beef, with offensive discharge from the eating sores. Doctors advised cutting, but it failed. Blood Balm healed the sores, and Mrs. Guernsey is as well as ever. Botanic Blood Balm also cures eczema, itching humors, sores and scales, bone pains, ulcers, offensive pimples, blood poison, carbuncles, scurf, rashes and bumps on the skin and all blood troubles. Improves the digestion, strengthens weak kidneys. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle, with complete directions for home cure. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble, and special medical advice sent in sealed letter. For sale by Evans Pharmacy.

—If a man's wife doesn't think him at least three times smarter than he really is, then he married the wrong woman.

—When a man sits down to a meal having all his favorite dishes it is time for him to get suspicious that his wife is planning a raid on his pocket-book.

AFTER DINNER COFFEE.

An Excellent Way to Take it Is in the Form of Jelly.

Coffee is very commonly drunk after dinner, a custom which perhaps is justified, particularly when wine drinking accompanies the meal, for coffee is an antidote to alcohol. A hot draft of coffee is undoubtedly a powerful stimulant, enabling both mental and physical fatigue to be borne. On the other hand, a cup of hot coffee disagrees with many persons, their digestion is disturbed rather than aided, there is interference with the normal chemistry of the digestive process, and the dyspeptic must eschew hot, strong coffee as well as tea. The excessive drinking of coffee is in any case an evil.

But it is often forgotten that coffee can be taken in other ways and in none better than in the form of jelly. A clear coffee jelly after dinner is every bit as good as the hot infusion, while it is free from some of the drawbacks of the latter. Coffee, unlike alcohol, diminishes organic energy without the collapse which follows alcoholic imbibition, and gelatin in the form of jelly is cooling, assuages thirst, is soothing and has a tendency to absorb any excessive acidity of the stomach. Gelatin is what is known as a "protein sparer"—that is, it saves the destruction of protein, such as albumen.

Having regard to these facts, therefore, coffee jelly should form a very suitable sequel to dinner and an excellent substitute for the infusion. Moreover, the astringent principles of coffee, which, however, are different in kind and degree from those present in tea, are nullified by the gelatin. In short, jelly is an excellent vehicle for coffee, but, as is necessary in making the infusion, the quantity of coffee in the jelly should not be stinted. Coffee serves an admirable purpose in dietetics, and those with whom it disagrees when taken in the form of a hot infusion will very probably find the jelly quite satisfactory.—Lancet.

A Story of Rossetti.

James MacNeill Whistler used to tell the following story about Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and in view of the famous preaphaelite's eccentricities in his later years it can readily be believed. Rossetti had invited the painter of nocturnes and harmonies to dine with him at his house in Chelsea, and when Whistler arrived he was shown into a reception room. Seating himself, he was soon disturbed by a noise which appeared to be made by a rat or mouse in the wainscoting of the room. This surmise was wrong, as he found the noise was in the center of the apartment. Stooping, to his amazement he saw Rossetti lying at full length under the table.

"Why, what on earth are you doing there, Rossetti?" exclaimed Whistler. "Don't speak to me! Don't speak to me!" cried Rossetti. "That fool Morris," meaning the famous William, "has sent to say he can't dine here tonight, and I'm so mad I'm gnawing the leg of the table!"

Obliging the Conductor.

"Step lively!" bawled the conductor as the crowd started to board his car. "Step lively there!" The portly father climbed, wheezing, aboard, carrying a small and chubby boy. Next came a little bright eyed girl of six, perhaps, while the mother climbed on last, carrying the baby.

There were seats for the father, the mother, the small boy and baby—the last two on their parents' knees—but the little girl had to stand. "Mercy on us, Hester!" said the mother. "What are you hopping about that way for?"

The little girl was clinging to the seat ahead and was dancing excitedly, hopping on one foot and then the other as fast as she could. "Why, mamma," she said, still eyeing the stern conductor, "I'm stepping lively!" Even the conductor smiled.—New York Press.

An Excellent Opportunity.

The old fashion of favoritism is well satirized in a story told of M. Bignon, a person of very little learning, who was made royal librarian by King Louis XV. of France. When the news of this appointment was brought by Bignon to his uncle, M. d'Argenson, the uncle exclaimed: "Good, nephew! Now you have an admirable opportunity to learn to read!"

Kicked on the Washing.

Anne, a southern beauty of four years, had a decided aversion to her morning bath. One evening her nurse was telling her of God's goodness and his willingness to wash away her sins, when she suddenly set up a lusty howl, exclaiming: "Oh, don't let him wash them away! Don't let him wash them! Tell him to pick them off!"

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—The beds of pass in Colorado sometimes include as many as 2000 acres, and there is one bed exceeding in size 2500 acres.

DOGS IN FICTION.

Parts They Have Played in the Great English Novels.

Although it may be conceded that among the animals of fiction the horse holds first place, the part played by dogs, especially in modern literature, is very large and important. The pages of many famous novels have presented us with members of the canine race as carefully drawn and as lovingly delineated as any of the human characters introduced. Not infrequently the role of hero or heroine is doubled with, or wholly supported by, a dog. And in numberless instances it is the intervention, conscious or unconscious, of a dog upon which the whole plot turns. As might be expected, it is among the works of such novelists as are specially noted as dog lovers that the finest and most frequent descriptions of their four footed friends are to be found, and naturally Sir Walter Scott, well known for his extreme attachment to dogs, heads the list.

Big dogs are Scott's special favorites, and his noblest example is Sir Kenneth's hound Rosal, who bears an all important part in the plot of "The Talisman." Rosal is described as a large staghound of splendid proportions and great sagacity, who shares his master's watch on St. George's Mount beside the banner of England, above the camp of the crusaders. Tempted by woman's guile, the knight forsakes his post for a short space, leaving Rosal to guard the flag. A base attack is made in his absence, and Kenneth returns to find the flag gone and its faithful defender wounded apparently to death in its defense. Kenneth's remorse for the violation of the English banner is scarcely more keen than his grief over the dog, who wags his tail and licks his master's hand even in the agonies of death. It is a most touching scene, drawn by a master hand, and the reader's satisfaction is not less than the knight's is represented to be when the Arabian physician Saladin, disguised, appears opportunely, and by his timely ministrations saves the hound, who lives to identify his till then unknown assailant by dragging him bodily from his horse. In "Ivanhoe," Gurth, the swinehead, possesses a noteworthy dog, Fangs by name, "a rugged, wolfish looking dog, a sort of lurcher, half mastiff, half greyhound," who assists his master in the care of his refractory charges, is wounded by Cedric the Saxon, and whose adventures are carried on throughout the book.

Dickens was a dog lover, and possessed several dear canine friends. It is recorded in his biographies how greatly moved he was on one occasion by the sympathetic concern evinced by two of his favorites, Turk and Linda, when during a walk he was suddenly struck with lameness. Thackeray, however, makes little use or mention of dogs. George Eliot also lays no great stress upon them.

Fictionalists, England.

What a crowd of distinguished subjects dwells in Fictionshire! And the women folk of Fictionshire! My sakes, but they're an odd lot! Take the duchesses, for instance. Only the old and ugly ones have morals. But to lead a moral life appears to have a bad effect on the duchesses of Fictionshire. It coarsens their temper and sharpens their tongues; so that, after all, one much prefers the unmoral duchesses. These, of course, are the young and pretty ones. They do not seem quite so vague to us, either, these naughty duchesses. We are quite willing to believe in them. Probably that's the human side of us—to accept evil report on hearsay evidence. It is only the virtues of which we require proof positive.

For my part, if I am to go abroad at all, I had rather visit Fictionshire, which isn't on any map and doesn't pretend to be, or gang awa up into Thurns, where there are plain, everyday folks whose simple joys and sorrows one can believe in and understand.—Sewell Ford in Reader.

Plausible Theory.

"And this," said the tourist, lost in wonder, "is a slumbering volcano. How peaceful it is now! Observe those vineyards clinging to its side and this cornfield at its very foot. Yet I fancy I can hear it moaning as if in pain!"

"Yes," said the guide. "That's caused by the corn." "Whereat the slumbering volcano seemed to groan."—Chicago Tribune.

Could Not Tell a Lie.

"Tourist—You say you saw Washington at Valley Forge?" "Old Negro—Well, I ain't 'sactly say I saw him forge, but I seed him at de valley, sah."

"Tourist—I suppose you held him when he was a baby?" "Old Negro—No, sah, I kain't tole a lie. You see, sah, G'ge Washington wasn't born den.—New York Herald.

—Don't climb so high that the world can't see you when it wants to remove the ladder.

—An enthusiastic meeting is that of two girl chums who haven't seen each other for an hour.

—To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. Price 25c.

—Woman distrusts men too much in general and not enough in particular.

—What a jolly old planet this world would be if ever man would act as he thinks his neighbor should.

ENGLISH HORSEMEN.

Trainers and Jockeys, as a Rule, Are Exceedingly Superstitious.

The world in general seems to recognize that gamblers are as a class most superstitious, but those usually hard headed business men—the trainers of race horses and the jockeys they employ—are so notoriously given to cherishing superstitions that particular members of both classes will not enter or ride a horse at certain places unless absolutely compelled to do so against their better judgment by owners of horses.

This superstition in regard to localities is so well known that the general body of racing men are apt quite as an everyday matter to say: "Oh, Blank never wins a race here. This is one of his unlucky places, where he can never do any good!" One of the greatest and best trainers in England has such a hatred of Folkstone that he has not for years entered a horse there, and he has repeatedly out of his own pocket paid forfeits in regard to horses entered, after inducing owners to allow him to do so. Not long ago one of the mightiest horsemen now on the turf sent round a letter to his very intimate friends, and the writer saw a copy of it. It ran: "Do not back me for anything at —; I never did any good there and never shall. If you want to win bet against me at that place always."

A certain jockey, who has within recent years headed the list of winners of the greatest number of races, cannot be induced to ride at Brighton or Lewes, and it is always said by his intimates that he has an ineradicable superstition that he will meet with his death at one or the other the first time he rides there. This same man always carries with him a small piece of coal, as did the late Fred Archer, and another very popular jockey has never ridden for years without a tiny feather that is inclosed in a light frame of gold and glass.—London Tit-Bits.

Rheumatism Secondhand.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Queerace, "you can talk as you like about physical affliction, but the largest that ever struck me was when I had the rheumatism in my brother."

"Rheumatism in your brother?" exclaimed his auditors in concert. "What are you telling us?"

"I'm just giving you a case of stalwart affliction that ought to bring your sympathy out by the roots," was the reply.

"The kind of rheumatism that he had was the kind that hangs over the edges and treads on the adjacent martyrs. Why, the way he'll yell and keep me awake at night and have me tying on bandages and rubbing joints and smelling all sorts of lotions, and the way he would kick me out of bed when his other leg hurt him too much, was energizing. Primary rheumatism is bad enough, but to have to take it in a secondary form is petrifying."

The Laugh of a Woman.

A critic of mankind observes that women laugh much more successfully than men; that is, they know how to do it agreeably and discreetly, whereas a man merely opens his mouth and emits a huge and usually an unmusical sound. No man looks his best when he is laughing heartily. A woman, on the contrary, may enjoy a joke or a situation quite as much as he and laugh just as much, but she manages to do it as a rule without disarranging her features or her toilet and without smiting disagreeably on the tympani of other people. The tinkle of feminine laughter is generally pleasant to listen to; it sounds well across water; it floats pleasantly on the breeze, and, though there are exceptions, they seldom equal in disagreeableness the cacklings of the opposite sex.

A Puzzle.

Dr. Blank has a telephone in his house, and he instructed a newly engaged Irish lad how to reply in case there should be a call over the wire in the absence of Dr. Blank and his wife. One day there came such a call and Patrick went to the telephone.

"Well, sor," said Patrick, with his mouth to the speaking tube. "Who's that?" came over the wire.

"It's me, sor." "And who's me?" "Shure, and how should I know who yez are?" retorted Patrick.—Chums.

"He Who Hesitates Is Lost."

An old negro was about to leave a Colorado mining camp for a town a hundred miles away.

"Shall you travel straight through, Uncle Bill?" some one asked him. "Well, no, sah," replied Uncle Bill. "Ah have a cousin livin' in a village fifty miles from here, an' Ah expect to hesitate there a spell."

And while poor old Bill was "hesitating" at his cousin's house he fell ill of pneumonia and died—another testimony of the proverb's truth.—New York Times.

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MOTHER'S FRIEND applied externally throughout pregnancy will relieve the pain of parturition, and no mother and child can fail to be healthy, hearty, strong, clear complexioned, pure blooded, calm and cheerful in disposition, who are mutually influenced for months by the continued use of Mother's Friend.

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DRINK EVIL. DRUNKENNESS. CURED TO STAY CURED BY WHITE RIBBON REMEDY.

I announce to the world that I have an absolute cure for drunkenness in White Ribbon Remedy, based on thousands of cures made of the most obstinate cases. In a majority of cases White Ribbon Remedy was given secretly in tea, coffee or food, without the patient's knowledge. By degrees the patient gets a distaste for intoxicants and daily leaves off altogether. It is wonderful. Many a hard drinker has thus been reclaimed and restored to his family and friends. White Ribbon Remedy is easily given by following the simple directions. It is tasteless, odorless and perfectly safe to give or take.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for all alcoholic drinks, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, a "tippler," social drinker or drunkard. It is impossible for any one to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy. It restores a victim to normal health, giving him or her steady nerves and a determination to resist temptation. Builds up the will power.

Indorsed and sold by members of a Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Anna Moore, press correspondent of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Los Angeles, California, states: "I have tested White Ribbon Remedy on very obstinate drunkards, and the cures have been many. I cheerfully recommend and indorse White Ribbon Remedy, and advise women to give it to any one suffering from drunkenness."

Sold by druggists everywhere 50c. and \$1. Trial package free on writing or calling on Mrs. A. M. FOWLER, (for years Secretary of a Woman's Christian Temperance Union), 218 Tremont St., Boston, U.S.A. Special Agents in Anderson, S.C., ORR-GRAY & CO.

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